For Lords, to morrow is a buſie day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richmond with the Lords, &c.

Rich. The wearie ſunne hath made a golden ſeate,
And by the bright tracke of his fierie Carre,
Giues ſignall of a goodlie day to morrow,
Where is ſir William Brandon, he ſhall beare my ſtanderd,
The Earle of Pembrooke keep his regiment,
Good captaine Blunt, beare my good night to him,
And by the ſecond houre in the morning,
Deſire the Earle to ſee me in my tent.
Yet one thing more, good Blunt before thou goeſt:
Where is Lord Stanlie quarterd, doeſt thou know?

Blunt. Vnleſſe I haue miſtane his colours much,
Which well I am aſſur'd, I haue not done,
His regiment, lies halfe a mile at leaſt,
South from the mightie power of the King.

Rich. If without perill it be poſſible,
Good captaine Blunt beare my good night to him,
And giue him from me, this moſt needfull ſcrowle.

Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, ile vndertake it,

Rich. Farewell good Blunt.
Giue me ſome inke, and paper, in my tent,
Ile draw the forme, and modle of our battell,
Limit each leader to his ſeuerall charge,
And part in iuſt proportion our ſmall ſtrength,
Come, let vs conſult vpon to morrowes buſineſſe,
In to our tent, the aire is rawe and cold:

Enter king Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe Catesbie, &c.

Kin. What is a clocke.

Cat. It is ſixe of clocke, full ſupper time.

Kin. I will not ſup to night, giue me ſome inke and paper,
What, is my beuer eaſier then it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cat. It is my Liege, and all things are in readineſſe.

King. Good Norffolke, hie thee to thy charge,
Vſe carefull watch, chuſe truſtie centinell.

Norff. I go my Lord.

King. Stur

King. Stur with the Larke to morrow gentle Norffolke

Norff. I warrant you my Lord.

King. Catesbie.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Send out a Purſeuant at armes
To *Stanleys* regiment, bid him bring his power
Before ſun riſing, leaſt his ſonne George fall
Into the blinde caue of eternall night.
Fill me a bowle of wine, giue me a watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the field to morrow,
Looke that my ſtaues be ſound and not too heauy, Ratlif

Rat. My Lord.

King. Saweſt thou the melancholie L: Northumberlan

Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey and himſelfe,
Much about cockſhut time, from troupe to troupe
Went through the armie chearing vp the ſoldiers.

King. So I am ſatisfied, giue me a bowle of wine,
I haue not that alacrity of ſpirit
Nor cheare of mind that I was wont to haue:
Set it downe. Is inke and paper readie?

Rat. It is my Lord.

King. Bid my guard watch, leaue me.
Ratliffe about the mid of night come to my tent
And helpe to arme me: leaue me I ſay. *Exit. Rat*

Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.

Dar. Fortune and victorie ſit on thy helme.

Rich. All comfort that the darke night can affoord,
Be to thy perſon noble father in law,
Tell me how fares our louing mother?

Dar. I by attourney bleſſe thee from thy mother,
Who praies continually for Richmonds good,
So much for that: the ſilent houres ſteale on,
And flakie darkeneſſe breakes within the eaſt,
In briefe, for ſo the ſeaſon bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement,
Of bloudie ſtrokes and mortall ſtaring war,
I as I may, that which I would I cannot,